

APPENDIX

1. Synopsis of The River Niger

The play begins with the voice of John Williams reading his poem. Then his close friend Dr. Dudley Stanton comes to his house. They talk about Jeff's coming home tomorrow. John is very proud of his son, Jeff Williams. He graduated from the United States Air Force as a navigator of Strategic Air Command. John also mentions he wants to find his battlefield because he considers himself as a fighter for his people (black people). They also talk about how they do not like white folks. By the time John loans Dudley some money, Ann, a friend of Jeff, comes. Ann is a nurse. She wants to spend the night here but tomorrow she will go to a hotel. After a little talk, John reads his poem "The River Niger" to Ann. Suddenly Mattie, Jeff's mother, comes. Grandma starts humming "Rock of Ages" as she opens the door for Mattie. Grandma

does not like Ann, however Mattie likes her. John and Dudley exit. Ann tells Mattie about his family. She also hates white people. Then she talks how she met Jeff. They are talking about John when there is a knock on the front door. Jeff's friends, Chips and Mo, look for Jeff. They leave after Ann tells that Jeff has not come yet. Mattie tells Ann that Jeff used to be the gang leader and they are Jeff's friends. It is 2.00 a.m. when Jeff's friends come again. They are Chips, Mo, Gail (Mo's girl friend), Al, and Skeeter. John and Dudley come. John sends them out after a little quarrel. Jeff enters silently and hides while John and Grandma drink together. He meets Ann and they kiss as the lights fade to black.

The next morning, Dudley tells John that Mattie will do a biopsy but she does not want John knows about it. Then they both exit. In the kitchen, Mattie tells Ann about her family. They both mention that they do not like white people. In the same time, grandma shows that she does not like Ann. After Mattie and Grandma exit, Ann asks Jeff to move to the hotel because of his grandma but Jeff does not permit it. There is a knock on the door, Ann goes and opens. Jeff goes upstairs. The guests are Skeeter and Al. They are waiting for Jeff

while Ann is going up stairs to find Jeff. Al asks Skeeter about Buckley. He wants to know who killed their rival Buckley. Then Chips appears. They all are waiting for Jeff. Jeff appears when he knows Chips threatens Ann. Jeff places gun against Chips temple. However when Mo comes the circumstances become calm down. Mo asks Jeff to help them as they used to do before Jeff entered the Air Force. At first Jeff does not want to help, but Mo threatens him by bothering his family if Jeff does not help. Finally Jeff thinks about it. After his friends exit, Jeff asks Ann to marry him. while they are kissing Gail appears. She asks Jeff to help Mo because Jeff is the only man that Mo trusts. Jeff promises to help him. Grandma starts swearing when she knows Jeff will marry Ann. In contrast Mattie says that Ann is a good girl. Gail exits, John sees Jeff in the first time after Jeff's coming. John is very glad. He asks about Jeff's uniform. Jeff pretends to ignore it. Then Jeff tells that he hates navigation. He explains his battlefield. He quit from the Air Force after writing a poem instead of taking his final exam. This gave him the realization that he wanted to write. John is very disappointed. He exit in a state of sad frustration.

Six days later, Jeff, Mattie, and Dudley seem to be talking about John. John has not come home yet since he left six days ago. Mattie is worried about that. Dudley tells Jeff about his mother's cancer. Jeff tries to comfort his mother although he is also very upset. At the same time, Mo and Gail appear. Gail explains Jeff and Ann about a stool pigeon in the organization. It is got to be either Chips, Skeeter, or Al. She asks Jeff and Ann to help to find the organization's deserter. Actually Jeff does not want he himself or his family get implicated in this problem. However, at last Jeff decides to help them by monitoring the phone and Ann companies Gail. Next scene John appears with a week's growth of beard. They all are very happy. John tells Mattie he wrote a poem. He also expresses his anger toward God. John reads his poem "The River Niger" again. By this time, Jeff, Ann, Mo, and Gail do their plan. Jeff hears a voice said Plan B but he is not sure whose voice it is. After a moment Mo drags Skeeter in. It is obvious he has been hurt. Dudley helps Skeeter from his gun shoot wound. Jeff is very angry when he knows Mo told Al and Chips go to Jeff's house if something happens to them. He leaps on Mo and they are separated by John. In the next second a confusion of sirens and

police whistles lights shining through the front windows and the back door, and a policeman on bullhorn. Mo gives the gun to John. Chips says that Al is the Judas faggot. he whispered something to the police officer then there were cops anywhere. It is supported by Skeeter's statement about how Al wanted to know about Buckley. Jeff reminds that the "Plan B" voice is Als'. Jeff tells Al he was the one who killed Buckley by forty five caliber by two slugs in the chest. He also shows the release paper from the Air Force one month from last Friday. After reading the paper, Al is pulling out his revolver to Jeff. However Mo, Skeeter, and Chips try to protect Jeff by saying that they were the killer. When Al turns around John seizes the opportunity to raise the gun still in his hand point it at Al. There is an exchange of gun play between two men. Al goes down and killed instantly. John also goes down mortally wounded. John makes up the story that must be told to the police officer. It is that John is the real leader of the organization. He was with Skeeter when he got shot. He fired the shot which hit the cop at the office building. He made it back here and found out that Al here is a Judas. Then they had a shootout. The rest of them have

never owned a gun only their leader. John also tells Mattie not to suffer long because the children are safe now. He says to Dudley that he has already found his battlefield, then John dies. Mattie tells to all of them that they have to obey John's words. She says that John will not die for nothing.

2. Synopsis of Our Town

Act 1, which Wilder calls "Daily life" is an interpretation of the trivial, daily activities found in a small American town. The act opens with the appearance of the stage manager who talks directly to the audience. He then introduces the Webbs and the Gibbsses who are two of the main families in the town.

After the introduction by the stage manager, the representative families begin to appear. First the mother in each family appears and tries to get her children up, dressed, fed and off to school. After the children leave, the two mothers, Mrs. Webbs and Mrs Gibbs meet and gossip. Then the stage manager reappears and gives some more facts about the town. By this time, Emily Webb and George Gibbs coming home from school. George is having trouble with his school work and Emily is the best student in the class. They arrange a way to

help each other.

The stage manager reappears and tells more about the town. Then Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Gibbs are seen at choir rehearsal. Afterward, they are concerned about the organist's drinking. That night Mrs. Gibbs tells her husband that the organist's drinking problem is the worse she has ever seen.

The constable passes by, checking everything, this signals the end of a typical day.

The second act occurs some years later. After more comments by the stage manager, we see Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Webb preparing for the wedding. Both get milk from the milkman and remind him to come to the wedding.

George Gibbs come downstairs and tell his mother that he is going across the street to see his girl, Emily, they are to be married later that day. When he reaches the Webb's house, Mrs. Webb reminds him that the groom cannot see the bride on the day of the wedding. George talks to his future father-in-law until Mrs. Webb reappears and tells George to go home.

The stage manager returns and tells the audience that we will now recreate the day when George and Emily first discovered that they loved each other. We see George stopping Emily as they are leaving school. George



has just been elected president of the senior class and Emily is to be the secretary. He asks her why she is mad at him. Emily explains that George has been so busy playing baseball that he has forgotten his friends. He assures Emily that he has not forgotten her. He tells her how special she is to him, and how much he has thought about her. Emily now feels that she is mistaken about George and returns his affection. They part after having discovered their love for each other.

The stage manager enters and explains that he will be the minister. He then makes some further comments about the wedding. Mrs. Webb appears and expresses her fear about losing her daughter. Then George appears and expresses some momentary doubts about getting married. In the meantime, Emily is expressing the same qualms to her father. As soon as George and Emily see each other, they overcome their fears.

The wedding is performed while the audience hears the comments of Mrs. Soames, a member of the congregation. Then the stage manager returns to make a few closing remarks.

The third act is in the cemetery. We hear that Emily Webb Gibbs has just died during childbirth, leaving her

young husband, and a four year old son. She feels strang to be among the dead and wonders how long the feeling will last. After the living people leave the cemetery, she wonders if it will be possible to return to life for only one day. Everyone tries to dissuade her, but she insist.

She chooses to relive her twelfth birthday, but when she returns to earth, she realizes that people live their lives without ever realizing or appreciating the moment of living. They do not understand the greatness found in the mere act of everyday living. She is unable, emotionally, to endure witnessing the entire day and returns to her grave on the hill. Her, at night, she watches her husband come to grieve her grave; she realizes that those still on earth understand little about death and even less about living.

3. Jeff's Sentences

Three whole days - um, um - and I sho' have messed them big old feet of yours.

Why do you think I always walk behind you in the snow ?
You got natural snowshoes, baby.

I know.

Now, let's get down to the nitty - gritty.

How 'bout some loving, mama ?

She won't know.

And whatca don't know -

My dad taught me that where there's a will, there's a way.

Yeah.

Now we're banging away, right.

Oo, aah, oo, aah.

And it's sweet - like summer tune in December, right ?

And just when it really gets good, right ?

And we're about to reach the top of the mountain, down the steps comes Grandma - on one of her frequent sleepwalking things.

And what do I do ?

I roll over to the wall and drop down to the other side.

Like this -

And nobody knows but us.

Daddy Johnny says before a man settles down - which shouldn't oughta be until he's damn near thirty or

more -

A young man's mission is the world.

You keep taking up my time

Is the Pope Catholic ?

Can a fish swim ?

Do Black folks have rhythm ?

Do hound dogs chase rabbits ?

Your feet got more beauty than sunshine, mama.

How your feet feeling this morning, mama ?

Hey, ain't I got a groovy, mama ?

You ever look at her feet ? She's got some boss dogs.

Look, today's my homecoming and tomorrow's Sunday - a day of rest.

Monday we'll find you a place - okay ?

Now, why don't you cool your heels and let's get a quickie before the innates return -

Don't worry !

Dad won't be back for at least an hour and Mama always

gets carried away shopping.

And you will not be saved by the bell.

See who it is.

Skeeter ! Send them away ! No ! That wouldn't be cool.

That means Mo's hot far behind.

Let them in ! Tell them to make themselves comfortable,
that you've got some last minute cleaning to do
upstairs, and come on up.

For all they know, I'm not here yet.

Right !

Can I help it if I'm in heat for your feet ?

Fooling with a gun at my woman's head ?

So if I pull the trigger, it won't matter.

The next time I catch you looking cross - eyed at my
woman, I'm gonna rid the world of one more jive -ass
nigger.

Now, get out of here.

I despise irresponsible niggers, Mo

Then he'd better become shy. Quiet, and unassuming.

'Cause that's the only kind of nigger I tolerate in my house.

'Hi !

Hey, Sheets.

I'm not edgy, baby, I'm about to draw blood.

Negative, baby - not okay, not okay worth a damn.

You showed them my personal letters to you !

What's the point ?

Make it work and you've got a formidable weapon.

That word's been talked to death.

The revolution ain't nothing but talk, talk, talk, and I ain't gonna waste my life on talk.

Niggers are jiving, man, can't you see it ?

That's all I heard from the black troops in the air force - revolution.

Where's the gun factory, the bomb - assembly plant ?

Where's shucking and jiving, man - that's all.

Law is something concrete, something I can do, not talk about.

You've got it all figured out, Mo.

You don't need me.

Maybe I'm out of it, Mo. Maybe I don't know what;s relly happenig any more.

Yes, I'm still for whatever advances the cause of black folks, but I reserve the right to choose my own weapons.

I don't have to fight with yours, Mo, and I respect your right not to have to fight with mine - .

All I know is that right now my conections rest elsewhere

Now, gentlemen. My folks will be making it back pretty *soon and I'd like the atmosphere to change into something a little bit more groovy, ya dig ?

Or leave.

You're in my house, nigger.

Oh yeah, well, you pat your foot while I play it,
nigger.

How you gonna do that, brother ?

If that don't work, what ?

Oh no, baby, you're the motherfucker. You really are the
motherfucker !

You jive - ass nigger.

Mr Zero trying to be Malcolm X

List' old world, list' to the revolutionary.

See him standing there with his Captain America uniform
on.

Look at his generals

Skeeter the dope head and Chips the sex pervert.

Mo the magnificent, playing cops and robbers in his
middle twenties, trying to be somebody and don't know
how.

The one advantage I have over you, Mo, is my daddy

taught me to see through my own bullshit, to believe
that I don't need bullshit to be somebody.

Go back to school, Mo, you're smart enough.

Affirmative.

And if you try any shit on my folks, your ass os mine,
nigger.

Or have you forgotten what a mean, evil, black bastard I
can be, how you could whip everybody in the neighborhood
and how I could whip the piss out of you, how I got more
determination in my little toenail than you got in your
whole soul, nigger !

I ain't bad.

I'm crazy, motherfucker.

Now you, your fiend, and Marquis de Sade, get the fuck
outta here, and don't call me - I'll call you.

Just make it, man.

And remember.

Why should I do that, you're a self - made comedian.

Goddamn, goddamn ! ...

Where's the hootch ?

I know Pop got some somewhere

I know the refrig used to be one of his favorite places.

Damn ! Almost half full ! Lawd help me ! 'Cause these nigger don' gon' crazy.

Help me, Lawd. Hep me, hep me, Lawd

'Cause the niggers don' gon' crazy !

Ann, my love, the most glorious bitch I ever don' run across - let's get the license.

There's a three - day wait - Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday - Friday we'll get high off this bad - ass smoke I been saving and fly on the preacher.

Indubitably.

Honey, with the way these nigger is acting up 'round here, I figure I better get me some hep.

I know you love me to pieces, and I don't blame you one bit.

The problem is, I don't relly love you.

I glory for you, baby. Besides, you got the bossiest dogs
I ever seen.

How could it be anything else with those nothing he's
got at his back ?

I mean, it's hard to be out front when you got shit at
your back.

Mo's a saint. I'm a realist.

It's not just these okeydoke creeps' round him, Gail.

We don't see eye to eye.

Mo thinks he's still back on the old days, leding a
gang.

Times has changed.

He doesn't need me, Gail.

He's sure about where he's going and confident about how
to get there -

And all that bull about threatening me and my folks -
I'd jump in an elephant's chest behind that jive.

Why crucify me for a bunch of nothing, baby ?

I thought I did.

Alright.

I'll try, Gail .

I'll try.

I promise you.

You don't do so bad yourself, sweet meat !

Can;t help it, Mama.

I got my two foxes back again - Cleopatra - and her
sidekick.

Got my two womens back again.

Know what I wants for dinner ?

Some corn bread, yeah.

And some of Grandma's nustard green, Mama.

And black - eyed peas.

And some of your candied sweets, Grandma, with lemon and
raisins all over' em, yeah !

Do Jesus, and bless my soul, Grandma Brown !

And don't forget the lemonade.

And some sassafras tea.

Ma, do you realize that I'm home for good -

No more okeydoke.

No more time outta my race against time.

No more stuff, messing with my mind.

I'm me - Jeff Williams, because Daddy Johnny named me -

before ya'll claimed me on your income tax !

And ya'll sho' is looking goobooooood - good God, good !

Mama, this is Gail. Mo Haye's girl friend.

And this is my grandma.

Gail.

Grandma Welhelmina Geneva Brown.

And this is Ann !

Well, I'm glad 'cause this foxy mama here and your son
- me - the baddest dude to catch an attitude - Jod's
gift to the female race - "for God so loved the world
that he gave -"

Mama, what I'm trying to tell you.

Indubitably

You will not !

I'm twenty - five !

I was twenty - two when I left, Grandma

That was twenty - five years ago, grandma

Then three - then four

It's pretty lonely not having any brothers and sisters,

I can tell you

Oh, we gon' do that too.

I mean them crumbsnatchers ain't coming until we are
ready for 'em Ann's gonna use the loop, birth - control

pills, the rhythm methods, and the diaphragm, and Emko !

Like I said before, i'm twenty - five.

Be twenty - six the twenty fourth of this month, Mama.

I apologize

Is Grandma sick, Ma ?

Is this what you've been putting up with ?

Ever since I got home, people been telling me what to do
and what not to do.

You talking about a lodestone - that's the heaviest
lodestone in the world I want to marry Ann 'cause
she is a fire girl, Mama

Something rare, came home and found my sweet baby here -
it was like God was saying, " This is your woman , son.

I can't let you do nothing that dumb.

I can't let you leave her.

I made her for you ! " And goddam it.

I'm following what I hear inside my soul !

Gail, I'll try to talk to Mo,

I'm not certain it will do any good, but I'll try to
talk to him - when he's alone - just him and me. okay ?

How you bee, Pop ?

Dr. Stanton

Why don't you take the load off your feet, Pop

If it's all the same to you, Pop

I know, Pop

I'm here, Pop

I don't like to wear it, Daddy Johnny

Well, I guess

I feel ashamed of it

I feel that it's a kinda cop - out, Pop - it makes me
feel like a buffon everytime I put it on.

I should have burned my commission, not shown up, make
it to Canada or something.

I really don't believe in this country anymore.

I don't believe in lies anymore. Dr. Stanton

I made a vow with myself, Daddy Johnny

The Rodiafellows will never allow it.

Pop, I didn't make it through navigator school - I washed
out - thinked out - whatever

No, Daddy Johnny, no !

I don't need nobody to protect my flanks.

I'll leave, Pop

I'll leave now - tonight - ya dig that ?

'Cause I've had me enough homecoming for a lifetime

Ya telling me what to do like I was sweet sixteen or
something.

Everybody 'round here wants to tell me what to do.

Ya want to know why I didn't write home about it, Mama ?
'Cause every single letter I got from you or Pop was
telling me how proud you were of your navigator son.

You thought that because that's what you wanted to
think !

About me, Daddy Johnny, about Jeff - damn your pride !
You coulda thought about me.

So you say. Daddy Johnny - 'cause that's what you want
to believe.

" Jeff Williams is my son everybody ! Just like me.
Anything I can do he can do ".

Right, Pop, right.

As a matter of fact, I may be able to do a few things
you can't do.

But not math, Pop.

That's you. not me.

Don't you dig that ?

Haven't I said it already ?

You said it yourself !

We got to find our own battlefields.

Don't you dig how that statement relates to what I'm saying ?

Ya'll had a piece of my big toe, Pop.

Everybody had a piece of my toe.

Not just those white - pig instructors who kept checking and rechecking my work, 'cause I was what they called a belligerent nigger.

There were only eight black officers out of three hundred in that school, and they kept telling me, " Man, you got to make it. You got to be a credit to your race"

Then. there was this girl I was shacking up with

Shacking up, Mama !

She was the fox to end all foxes, Pop.

An afro so soft and spongy, until my hands felt like they were moving through water.

And she kept telling me, " Honey we needs that extra

hundred and thirty a month flight pay to keep me in the style to which you have made me accustomed " .

Don't you see the point, Pop ? Everybody had a piece of my nigger toe - my fine fox, my fellow black brother officers, the pig instructors, you and Mama, Pop - everybody had a piece - but me - Jeff Williams !

You mean none of me belongs to me, Pop ?

It's about you and me and the battlefields.
About who is Jeff Williams, Pop.

A dude who hated navigation to the point where he got migraines.

Who wanted to throw up on every flight - motion - sickness pills not with standing.

Whose ears pained him from take off to landing.

Do you know what it feels like when your ears don't clear ?

Don't baby me, Mama.

I still think I'm the baddest, but I ain't - nor do I want to be a supernigger, 'cause that's all a

supernigger is, a supernigger .

Someone who spends his life trying to prove he's as good as the Man On my last flight exam - a night celestial.

I would up eighty miles into Mexico, according to my computations, while everybody else's figures put us at Hallingen Air Force Base, Texas.

We were circling the field.

The sun was coming up, soft and pastel like someone had sprinkled red peper all over the clouds.

I tore off a piece of my flight log and began writing a poem.

You see, Pop, I do believe in poetry.

It was a simple poem - all about the awe of creation.

Anyway - along came this Lieutenant Forthright - a Texas cracker whose one joke, repeated over and over again, was " Hee, haw, students, never worry about being lost.

At least you knows ya'll is in tje airplane. Yuk, yuk. "

This creep caught sight of my poem, and this big Howdy Doody grin spread all over his face, and he started laughing.

This subhuman, caveman, orangutan was laughing at something he couldn't even understand.

Then he showed the poem to the other instructor

orangutans, and they started laughing.

And that did it, Pop .

I said to myself, " This ain't my stick. What am I doing this shit for ?

This navigator jive ain't for me. "

They sent me before a board of senior officers.

You see, this was the second time I'd failed my night celestial flying exam, and they gave me a flat - ass white all - American lieutenant for counsel, and you know what he told me ?

He told me to cop a plea, Pop, to express my love of country and dedication to the air forces !

To lick ass !

That way, he said, they 'd only wash me back a few months and I could still come through.

But I told that board, " Let go my toe ! "

And they Replied , " What ? "

You know, the way white people do when they don't believe their ears.

So I screamed at the top of my voice, " Let go my nigger toe so I can stand up and be a man. "...

I guess they thought I was insane.

They hemmed and hawed and cleared their thoughts, but they let go my toe, Mama.

I had cut loose the man.

Then I went right home and I cut loose my fine fox, and I cut loose my so - called black brother officers, and I felt like there was no more glue holding my shoes to the track ;

I felt I could almost fly, Pop, 'cause I was a supernigger no more...

So I ain't proving nothing to nobody - white, black, blue, or polka dot - to nobody !

Not even to you, Daddy Johnny ...

Mama, you give that thing - that uniform thing to the Salvation Army or to the Goodwill or whatever, 'cause it will never have the good fortune to get on my back again.

It's all about battlefields - just like you said, Pop.

I noticed the kids tore down the baskets on the basketball court, Ma.

Why are we so damn destructive, Ma ?

Mama, have you checked the police station today ?

No, Mama - he's all right !

Will somebody please tell me what's going on ?

How serious ?

Mama !

But you can't think negative like that.

You will, Mama . You will.

Is it important ?

Let's go into the kitchen.

I'll be right back, Mama.

Look, man, I know I promised Gail - but that's gonna
have to wait.

My folks are in heavy trouble.

Yeah.

I got no time for this cloak - and - dagger shit - my
folks are hurting, man, didn't you hear ?

Hell, no.

I won't let you or my family get implicated in this shit

How long would it take, Mo ?

Why you sure he'll make contact ?

I don't want to know, Mo.

I'll monitor the phone for you, but I don't want to know
nothing.

Don't crowd me, Mo, you understand ?

This is as far as I go, Mo.

All right , Ann.

Yeah, later, Mo.

They went out the back, Mama.

Goddamn.

Pop, you okay now ? I mean, for real ?

We all know, Pop.

Yeah, Pop, that's pretty nice.

How you feeling, Mama ?

How ya feel, Pop ?

Ya got any booze, Pop ?

Let's make it into the kitchen.

It's raining and snowing at the same time.

What'd you hear, Gail ?

I heard something all right.

But I couldn't identify the voice.

The bartender was no help; he was somewhere else when the call was made.



Plan B.

Right.

And the voice on the other end said, " You sure ? "

The caller said, " Yes - Plan B."

No, but I might if I heard it again.

Calm down, baby.

We'll hear soon.

Stop worrying. , Mo's all right.

We sure do, Grandma.

It's Mo and Sheets.

Why in the hell did you bring him here .

I told you I don't want my family implicated in this
shit.

Why didn't you take him to your place ?

Oh, shit - shit - what happened ?

They must a been alerted.

What - you crazy motherfucker, coming here after that ?

What's going on ?

And you told them to come here if that happened - Didn't
you ? Didn't you ? Didn't I tell you not to crowd me, ya
stupid bastard ?

You're sorry.

The phone - you phone.

It was your voice.

You said, " B."

The voice at the other hand said, " Are you sure ?" and
you repeated, " B !"

Okay, if it wasn't you then, suppose I were to tell you
I killed Buckley ?

I did it.

I killed him.

Two slugs in the chest.

Forty - five.

I stole it from the air force.

What makes you so sure ?

I was released from active duty exactly one month from
last Friday.

Wanta see my release papers ?

Stay out of it, Ann !

Pop !

Pop !

4. Emily's Sentences.

I'm both, Mama : you know I am.

I'm the brightest girl in school for my age.

I have a wonderful memory.

I can't, Lois.

I've got to go home and help my mother.

I promised.

Papa, you're terrible.

One minute you tell me to stand up straight and the next
minute you call me names

I just don't listen to you

H'lo

Well.. I was really to make a speech about the Monroe
Doctrine,

But at the last minute Miss Corcoran made me talk about
the Louisiana purchase instead.

I worked an awful long time on both of them.

Why, can you ?

Well, I always feel it's something you have to go

through .

I don't mind it really.

It passes the time.

Oh, I think hints are allowed. So - ah - if you get stuck, George, you whistle to me; and I'll give you some hints.

I figure that it's just the way a person's born

You mean the house and everything ?

So long, George

I don't know

Mama, I made a speech in class today and I was very good

The Lousiana Purchase

It was like silk off a spool

I'm going to make speeches all my life.

Mama, are these big enough

Mama, wil you answer me a question, serious ?

Seriously, will you

Mama, am I good looking ?

Oh, Mama, that's not what I mean

What I mean is : am I pretty ?

Oh, Mama, you never tell us the truth about anything

Mama, were you pretty ?

But, Mama, you've got to say something about me

Am I pretty enough .. to get anybody .. to get people
interest in me ?

Oh, Mama, you're no help at all

Hello

I can't work at all. The moonlight's so terrible.

Which ?

Why, yes, George - that's the easiest of the all

I'll tell you one thing : the answer's in yards.

In square yards.

Yes, George, don't you see ?

In square yards of wallpaper

You're welcome

My, isn't the moonlight terrible ?

And choir practice going on.

I tink if you hold your breath you can jear the rain all
the way to Contoocook.

Hear it ?

Well, I guess I better go back and try to work

Good night, George

I don't know

I just can't sleep yet, Papa.

The moonlight's so wonderful.

And the smell of Mrs. Gibbs' heliotrope.

Can you smell it ?

Troubles, Papa ? No.

I can't Louise

I've got to go home.

Good by.

Oh Ernestire ! Ernestire ! Can you come over tonight
and do Latin ?

Isn't that Cicero the worst thing !

Tell your mother you have to

G'by. G'by, Helen. G'by, Fred.

Why. Oh .. Thank you. It isn't far

Good by, Lizzy.

Thank you

I'm not mad at you.

Well, since you ask me, I might as well say it right out, George.

Good by, Miss Corcoran

I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year.

I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings, but I've got to - tell the truth and shame the devil.

Well, up to a year ago I used to like you a lot.

And I used to watch you as you did everything ... because we'd seen friends so long ... and then you began spending all your time at baseball ... and you never stopped to speak to anybody anymore not even to your family you didn't ... and, George, it's a fact, you've got awful conceited and stuck - up, and all the girls say so.

They may not say to your face, but that's what they say about you behind your back, and it hurts me to hear them say it, but I've got to agree with them a little.

I'm sorry if it hurts your feelings .. but I can't be sorry I said it.

I always expect a man to be perfect and I think he
should be.

Well, my father is, and as far as I can see your father
is.

There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't be, too.

Well, you might as well know right now that I'm not
perfect.

It's not as easy for a girl to be perfect as a man,
because we girls are more - more - nervous.

Now I'm sorry I said all that about you.

I don't know what made me say it.

Now I can see it's not the truth at all .

And I suddenly feel that it isn't important, anyway.

Well, thank you ... I would.

I'll have a strawberry phosphate, thank you, Mr. Morgan.

They're so expensive.

N. no

George, please don't think of that.

I don't know why I said it.

It's not true.

You're.

What ?

I certainly will. I certainly will, George.

It certainly seems like being away three years you'd get out of touch with things.

Maybe letters from Grover's Corners wouldn't be so interesting after a while.

Grover's Corners isn't a very important place when you think of all -

New Hampshire ; but I think it's a very nice town.

Well, I'll try to make my letters interesting.

Why, George.

My !

But, George, maybe it's very important for you to go and
learn all that about, cattle judging and soils and those
things .. of course, I don't know .

Why, George, I don't see why you have to decide right
now
It's a whole year away.

George ! .. Life's awful funny ! How could I have known
that ? Why I thought

I think it's awfully important, too.

Yyes, George

I .. I am now ; I always have been

Yes .. yes

Yes, thank you, Mr. Morgan. It was nothing.

I never felt so alone in my whole life
And George over there, looking so ... ! I hate him.

I wish I were dead.

Papa ! papa !

But, Papa, - I don't want to get married ..

Why can't I stay for a while just I am ?

Let's go away, .

Don't you remember that you used to say, - all the time
you used to say - all the time : that I was your girl !

There must be lots of places we can go to.

I'll work for you.

I could keep house.

But Papa, -

Well, if you love me, help me.

All I want is someone to love me.

And I mean for ever,

Do you hear ? For ever and ever.

Hello, Mother Gibbs

Hello

It seems thousands and thousands of years since I ...
Papa remembered that that was my favorite hymn

Oh, I wish I'd been here a long time.

I don't like being new here.

How do you do, Mr. Stimson ?

Mother Gibbs, George and I have made that farm into just
the best place you ever saw.

We thought of you all the time.

We wanted to show you the new barn and a great long ce -
ment drinking fountain for the stock.

We bought that out of the money you left us.

Don't you remember, Mother Gibbs - the legacy you left
us ?

Why, it was over there hundred and fifty dollars.

Well, there's a patent device on the drinking fountain
so that it never overflows, Mother FGibbs, and it never
sinks below a certain mark they have there.

It's fine.

It won't be the same to George without me, but it's a

lovely farm.

Live people don't understand, do they ?

They're sort of shut up in little boxes, aren't they ?

I feel as though I know them last a thousand years ago ..

My boy is spending the day at Mrs. Carter's

Oh, Mr. Carter, my little boy is spending the day at
your house.

Yes, he loves it there, - Mother Gibbs, we have a Ford,
too.

Never gives any trouble.

I don't drive, though.

Mother Gibbs, when does this feeling go away ? - of
being...

one of them ? How long does it .. ?

I know.

Look, they're finished.

They're going.

Look ! Father Gibbs is bringing some of my flowers to
you.

He looks just like George, doesn't he ?

Oh, Mother Gibbs, I never realized before how troubled
and how .. how in the dark live persons sre.

Look at him.

I loved him so.

From morning til night, that's all they are - troubled.

But, Mother Gibbs, one can go back ; one can back there
again .. into living.

I feel it.

I know it.

Why just then for a moment I was thinking about.. about
the farm .. and for a minute I was there, and my baby
was on my lap as plain as day.

I can go back there and live all those days over
again .. why not ?

But it's true, isn't it ?

I can go and live .. back there .. again.

But I won't live over a sad day. I'll choose a happy
one -

I'll choose the day I first knew that I loved George.

Why should that be painful ?

Yes ?

But is that - painful ? why ?

But, Mother Gibbs, how can I ever forget that life ?

It's all I know.

It's all I had.

But it's a thing I must know for myself.

I'll choose a happy day, anyway.

Then it can't be since I was married ; or since the baby
was born.

I can choose a birthday at least, can't I ?

I choose my twelfth birthday.

Oh, I want the whole day.

There's Main Steet .. why, that's Mr. Morgan's drugstore
before he chaged it ! .. and there's the livery Stable.

Oh, that's the town I knew as a little girl
And look, there's the old white fence that used to be
around our house .

Oh, I'd forgotten that !

Oh, I love it so !

Are they caside ?

Will she ?

No ... ?

Look ! There's Howie Newsome.

There's our policeman.

But he's dead ; he died.

Why, there's Joe Crowell.

Mama, I'm here ! Oh how young Mama looks !

I didn't know Mama was ever that young.

Mama, I can't find my blue hair ribbon anywhere.

Yes, yes ..

Papa.

I can't bear it

They're so young and beautiful.

Why did they ever have to get old ?

Mama, I'm here

I'm grown up.

I love you all, everything.

I can't look at everything hard enough.

Good morning, Mama.

Oh, Mama, you shouldn't have

I can't - I can't

Oh, George ! I'd forgotten that ..

Oh, Mama, just look at me one minute as though you
really saw me.

Mama, fourteen years have gone by.

I'm dead.

You're a grandmother, Mama.

I married George Gibbs, Mama.

Wally's dead too.

Mama, his appendix burst on a camping trip to North
Conway.

We felt just terrible about it - don't you remember ?

But, just for a moment we're all together.

Mama, just for a moment we're happy.

Let's look at one another.

And this is from you.

Why ; Mama, it's just lovely and it's just what I
wanted.

It's beautiful !

I can't.

I can't go on.

It goes so fast.

We don't have time to look at one another.

I didn't realize.

So all that was going on and we never noticed

Take me back. up the hill - to my grave.

But first : Wait ! One more look.

Good by, good by, world. Good by, Grover's Corners ...

Mama and Papa.

Good by to clocks ticking .. and Mama's sunflowers.

And food and coffee.

And new - ironed dresses and hot baths .. and sleeping
and waking up.

Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize
you.

Do any human beings ever realize life while they live
it ? - every, every minute ?

I'm ready to go back.

No .. I should have listened to you.

That's all human beings are ! Just blind people

Oh, Mr. Stimson, I should have listened to them

Mother Gibbs, it's George.

It's George.

Mother Gibbs ?

They don't understand, do they ?